Mow the Mall Is Handled in the Land of the

The interior of a Japanese postoffico Is interesting not only from the lack of mechanical appliances, but also from the great number of hands employed, customary in Fastern countries where labor is so cheap. First there is the posting office, with the curious sallow little faces crowded into the 12x12 window space. Next comes the stamping room, each table surrounded by busy workers who look like women with their pinned-up queues, and full nether garments. The letters are slowly and methodically stamped, one at a time, with a big modern stencil, much like a miniature churn-dasher, and then consigned to a chute running from the table into baskets on the floor. The baskets are taken up when full by boys and taken to the inspection room, and thence to the distribution room. Here before long tiers of shelves above great tables, the clerks are busy as bees and silent as the grave; they are not allowed to talk-blessed precaution against blunders

The foreign and domestic mails are then divided, and the next step is the assorting and the registry rooms, where the mail is done up in small brown bags. In the mailing room the clerks wear full European dress. At the door is the foreign mail cart, a dray consisting of floor and high sides and ends of bright red slats. In this the bags are laid carefully, and a coolie starts in at a trot and lands it at the dock, where it is transferred, by an important, uniformed Jap, to the mail

But the home collecting and delivery service is far more picturesque. collector uses a hand cart and two boys. At regular intervals on the road are boxes similar to American patrol boxes, but only about a tenth as large. The mail has been shot into them from the openings on each side of the gable roof, and the collector has to unlock a little door near the ground and extract the mail from below

Reminder of a Great Fight.

The Franco-German war of 1870-71 was one of the short, bloody and decisive wars of history. Within a couple of weeks of the appearance of Emperor Napoleon at the head of his troops, the strength of the French army was broken and the long disputed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine were occupied by the German army. Then came the surrender of Sedan, where Napoleon, with 90,000 men, gave himself up. The capitulation of Strasburg, the fall of Metz and the siege of Paris crowded one another in that year of 1870, so disastrous to French arms.

The fighting throughout was terrific and the loss heavy. In the fight of Mars-la-Tour the German loss was nearly 16,000 men, and the French upward of 17,000. In the Gravelotte battle, where 400,000 combatants were engaged, the Germans lost 20,000 men, of whom 900 were officers. In half an hour the Prussian Guard lost 8,000 men and 307 officers. The French loss was a little over 11,000.

Numerous scenes of this great struggle have been put on canvas.

Deafness Cannot be Cared

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

There are in the world occ. We have

There are in the world 261 blind asylums

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedles only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Traces of prehistoric city have been discovered not far from Zanzibar, in Africa.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron B. tters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves. At the beginning of the Christian era the

lative values of gold to silver were as one

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water mornings. Beecham's no others. 25 cents a box. No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malar a Indigestion, Silousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

The Colossus of Rhodes was east in over 100 pieces and fitted to ether.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c.per bottle. Cupid never shows a wrinkle.

Nervousness And gastric dyspe, sia caused me much suf-

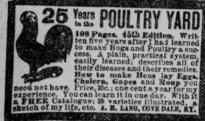
the grip. I had no appe_tite, could not breathe, easily when lying down and could not sleep. People said I looked 南带 like a walking ghost. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and one bottle brought on an appet te and enabled me to est without any dissince Rumri

taking six bottles I have Mrs. Rumrill. not had any fits, can breathe easily and sleep In short I call myself perfectly well. I would

Hood's sararilla Cures

not now be alive but for Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. SUSIE C. RUMBILL Royalton, Vt.

Hood's Pills act casily, yet promptly and effi-





REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sun. day Sermon.

Eubicct: "Pompell and Its Lesson,

Text: "Thou hast made of a defensed city aruin,"-Isaiah xxv., 2.

A flash on the night sky greeted us as we left the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on the year. volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It cellipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with flery reminiscence of what it has done and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy.

On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles and dropped in Constantinople, and in the Adriatic sea, and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of 18,000 people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and

logists have tried to lathom its mysteries, out the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorehed and blistered ex-plorers from the cindery and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac

At one time far back its top had been a At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grapevines which clothed the mountainside from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival in November of 1889. ber of 1889.

ber of 1889.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp. The home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal and rapt assemblage. A high wall twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircied the city. Of those walls, at a distance of only 100 yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street angles and from wall to wall, only one street

In the days of the city's prosperity its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Seashore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Seashore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder stood the Temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of n arble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Esculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting.

Yonder are the theatres, partly cut into surrounding hills, and glorified with pictured walls, and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms, for captivated and applaudatory audiences seated or standing in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costiy and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vanor of those andleriums.

Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums, with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums, with decorated alcoves, and the cold dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic and ceilings of all skilfully intermingled hues, and walls upholstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofason which to recline for slumber after the purpose.

for slumber after the p.unge.

Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and Senttor, Sallust, the Roman historian and Senttor, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Liouvre and Luxembourg within his walls. There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place in the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by doric columns.

Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionaire-dom, gardens, fountained, statued, colon-naded, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rarest wines. naded, the cellar of that villa filled with bot-tles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found 1800 years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Bat-tle scenes on walls in colors which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs passing up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles of arabesque, and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacles from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over the degradation of the transce over the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into the most beautiful bay of all the earth—the bay of Naples.

Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convival occupants to balls of mirth and

Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn farreaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the 24th of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the days roll on, and it is 10 clock rived, and the days roll on, and it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, in the afternoon. "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I speak, as she pointed him in the direction in which I

she pointed him in the direction in which I point you.

There is a peculiar sloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparaileled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread, as, by my gesture, I now describe it. It rises, a great column of flery, darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnights enterwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out, and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heatel, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding anche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend north, south, east and west, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepulcher, such as never before or since was opened, Stablæ, herculaneum and Pompeii. Ashes an'tle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead.

Out of the houses and temples and theatres and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic but oftens if

tres and into the streets and down to the beach fied many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated deluge. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that when they lifted Pliny the elder from the sailcloth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired.

For three days the enfombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted, and the cursing of that Apollyon of mountains su'ssided. For

Then the clouds lifted, and the carsing of that Apollyon of mountains subsided. For 1700 years that city of Pompeil lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after 1700 years of obliteration coade digging a well, strikes a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of basilica and temple and amphitheatre.

From the moment the guide met us at the

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeli that day in November. 1889, until be left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About 450 of those embalined by that exuption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable.

when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for 1700 years she continued to clutch them

for 1700 years she continued to cluten them. There at the soldiers' barracks are sixty-four skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after 1700 years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here

we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pave-ments worn there by the wheels of the chari-ots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoes, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition. a vestibule of perdition.

Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were prizefighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skilful and stout plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant recied over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured carried by stall among those suggestive carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there and staid until there was not a footfall to be heard within all that city except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again onto the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts more than 1800

solemn solltudes, hearts more than 1800 years ago ached and rejoiced, and feet shuf-fled with the gair of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtasked workmen car-ried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp

hands in marriage vow, and cross that threshold did pallbearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now

skeletons of staircases?

While I walked and contemplated the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I beard its laughter and groan and uncleanness and infernal boast as it was on the 23d of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stool in disentembed Pomlight with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stool in disentembed Pompell, seemed suddenly again to heave and flume and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and wee with which more than eighteen centuries ago it submerged Pompeli, as with the liturgy of fire and storm the mountain proclaimed at the burial, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

My friends, I cannot full what proclaimed

My friends, I cannot tell what practical suggestion comes to your mind from this walk through uncovered Pompeii, but the first thought that absorbs me is that, while art and culture are important, they cannot art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeli was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries.

Those Pompelian artists mixed such durability of colors that, though their paintings were buried in ashes and scorize for 1700 years, and since they were uncovered many

years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the of them have remained there exposed to the rains and win's and winters and summers 130 years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeiian art show that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun.

Yet how many think that all that is necesret now many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doormed city. Do ture, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeli, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Diomed.

By all the correct have schools and Developed.

of Diomed.

By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Dore exhibitions and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bricabrae, and all pure art, but nothing save the religion of Jesus Christ can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city pure and clean. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism done in all the hun-Mohammedanism done in all the hun-

or Monammedanism done in all the nun-dreds of years of their progress for the ele-vation of society? Absolutely nothing. Peking and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christi-anity has modified their condition. What is anity has modified their condition. What is the difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeti? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches, and your Sabbath schools, and your Bibles, and your family altars.

Yea, see in our walk through uncovered Pompetity what sign will do for a first West.

Yea, see in our walk through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgment of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake, and the cyclode, and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kin i purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well, "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future con-

upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and dition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried 1700 years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cometeries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are burcemetery in which the sunken ships are bur-ied all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Lighthouse, and the other cemetery

is the cemetery of dead cities.

I get down on my knees and read the epitapheology of a long line of them. Here lies Babylon, once called "the hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrefied brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I am reading this epitaph (Isalah xiii, 21), "The wild beast of the desert shall be there, and their house shall be full of doleful creatures."

The next tomb I kneel before in this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down, and the slabs of alabaster may crumbled and the sculpture that represented

crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Per-haps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanapalus as I stoop to read her epitaph (Zepnaniah ii., 14,) "Now is Nineveh desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the Nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot and a hvena laugh.

The next entombed city I pass has a monu-ment of fifty prostrate columns of gray and The next entombed city I pass has a montered ment of fifty prostrate columns of gray and red granite, and it is Tyre. The next sepulcher of a great capital is covered with scattered columns and defaced sphinxes and the sands of the desert, and it is Thebes. As I pass on I find the resting place of Mycenne, a city of which Homer sang, and Corinth. which rejected Paul and depended upon her fortress, Acrocorinthus, which now lies dismantled on the hill, and I move on in this cemetery of cities, and I find the tombs of Sardis and Smyrna and Persepolis and Memphis and Baalbek and Carthage, and here are the cities of the plain and Herculaneum and Stabia and Pompeil. Some of them have mighty sarcophagus and hieroglyphic entablature, but they are dead and buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God and with their indecencies shock the heavens let them know that the God who on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of the savering unbrance that staid there.

on the 24th of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then and has at His command all the armament of destruction with which He whelmed their iniquitous

predecessors.

It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed or held in check, which easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses could prostrate a city or engulia continent deeper.

and natural after 1700 years of burial. That woman was found clutching her adornments quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the best order and the highest tone of morals of any city that I know of, is now having brought into as near neighborhood as Coney Island carnivals of pugilism as debasing as any of the gladiatorial interests of Pompeil. What a precious crew that Coney Island Athletic Club is, under whose auspices these orgies are enacted! What a degradation to the adjective "athletic," which ordinarily suggests health and muscle developed for useful purpose? Instead of calling it an a thletic club they might better style it "The Rufflan Club For Smashing the Human Visage." quietest Sabbaths on the continent and the

Visage,"
Vile men are turning that Coney Island, which is one of the finest watering places on all the Atlantic coast, into a place for the offscouring of the earth to congregate, the law horse lockeys and gamblers, and the low horse jockeys and gambiers, and the pugliists and the pickpockets, and the bloats regurgitated from the depths of the worst wards of these ciries. They invite delegates from universal loaferdom to come to their carnival of knuckles. But I do not believe that the pugilism contracted for and advertised for next December will take place in our neighborhood

Evil sometimes defeats itself by going one step too far. You may drive the hoop of a barrel down so hard that it breaks. I will not believe that the international prize fight will take place on Long Island or in the State of New York until I see the rowdy rabble rolling drunk off the cars at Flatbush avenue and with faces banged and cut and bleeding from the imbruting scene. Against this in-fraction of the laws of the State of New York I lift solemn protest. The curse of Almighty God will rest upon any community that con-sents to such an outrage. Does any one thirk it cannot be stopped, and that the con-stabulary would be overborne? Then let Governor Flower send down there a regiment of State militia, and they will clean out the nuisance in one hour.

nuisance in one hour.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their rufflanism, or their cruelty, or their idolatry, or their dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christrian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moralize and save a city, and you send smallpox to heal leprosy or a carcass to relieve the air of malodor. For what politics will do I refer you to the eight weeks of stultification enacted at Washington by our American senate.

American politics will become a reforma-

American politics will become a reforma-tory power on the same day that pandemonitory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are, I am glad to say, benign and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and right-eousness. Let us ply the gospel machinery to its utmost speed and power. City evan gelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of natures transformed, and profligacies balked, and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed.

Give us pictures of churches, of schools,

Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the "Misereres" of complaint and despondency with "Te Deums" and "Jubliates of moral and religious victory." Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how, Pompeling roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities

themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I had the advancing morn.

I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line: Brooklyn for God! All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us here gathered, though born in the country, will die in town.

Shall our last walk, be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or

Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grozshops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon city halls where justice reigns, or demacogues plot for the stuffing of ballot boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart, or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflexions? God save the cities! Righteousness is life; iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God defying and entombed Pompeii'

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Farts of the State.

A DEED of trust has been recorded at Char. iottesville conveying to John B. Moon all of the house. They too's the old-man Dilley's the property and assests of the Monticello | purse out of his pocket, containing about #6 Soapstone-Slate Company, one of the best- in change. They were offered the keys of known industries of Albemarle county, and the trunks, etc., but refused them. They where nearly all the slate pencils used in broke open every trunk, drawer, and chest the United States are manufactured. The in the house, and secured atout \$75 in curcompany will continue operations.

At Martinsburg Judge Dailey overruled the motion for a new trial in the case of F. Vernon Aler, convicted of criminal libel. The prosecuting attorney, Mr. Pitzer, made a personal appeal to the court for as light a sentence as possible under the law.

A DESPATCH from Saluda says: "News has reached here that Mr. J. H. Atkins, son of Mr. Alex Atkins, of Gloucester, and a Baptist colporter, drowned himself in the Pianketank. He had been sick with fever and no doubt committed the act while delirious.

THE President has appointed John S. Apperson, of Virginia, alternate commissioner on the World's Columbian Commission, vice Alexander McDonald, appointed minister to Persia.

Ex-Sheriff Barton M. Jones, of Monongahela county, died last week. He was one of the most popular and influential men in the

Mr. Hugh Walker, of Farmville, who died from injuries received while riding a race in Richmond, carried an accident policy for

\$5,000. THE Democrats of Nansemond county have nominated Mr. J. E. Booker, editor of the Suffolk Herald, for the House of Dele-

Dr. WM. E. McConville, of Lynchburg has been appointed assistant demonstrator of anatomy at the University of Virginia. G. W. SUMMERS, a popular citizen of Middieburg, Loudoun county, died of typhoid

GEO. PALSER, formerly of Greenbrier county, died recently in Nebraska, of Typhoid fever.

RICH, W. MARCHANT has been appointed ecting keeper at Page's Rock light station. MR. HENRY W. Wood has been elected president of the Virginia Agricultural So-

Over two hundred students are new enrolled at the West Virginia University.

A DISPATCH from Onancock says: "Fred Taws and John Nelson, two young white men from Crisfield, Md., have been lodged in Accomac county jail to await trial for taking oysters in Virginia waters. They were captured by a crew from Tangier Island, under the command of Capt. James O. Striggle. Their boat had been scuttled and sunk to await the result of the trail."

The chesnut crop is unusually large this season, and the 'nut' is of unusually good quality. Our market already is beginning to be flooded with it One city dealer purchased a wagon-load, the product of Greene county, for \$3 per bushel.

THE State Baptist Association will be held in November. About five hundred ministers are expected to be in attendance.

ATLANTA, GA., which is preparing to celebrate the flitieth anniversary of its incorporation, was known for the first four years of its xistence as Marthasville, a name given in honor of Martha Atlanta Lumpkin, Gov. Lumpkin's youngest daughter, who is still

A Day's Happenings as Told by The Wires.

ROANOKE'S

Slate Company Make a Deed of Trust-A Rider Hurt at Richmond-Death of John R. Pace -Other News.

Roanoke had another genuine sensation. On September 30 the Evening Record published an article giving an account of how Thomas Smith, the negro assailant of Mrs. Bishop, was taken from the policemen by a detachment of the mob an I hanged, and stated that the mob got information of the wherabouts of Smith from Gordon, a white prisoner serving a term for perjury, who had been taken out with him and sent back to the jail alone. Harry Colman, of the Record staff, wrote the article an l was summoned before the special grand jury to give the name of his informant. He answered that he was pledged to secrecy and could not. He was summoned again on the opening of court and again refused. He was then carried before Judge Woods, who gave him the alternative of answering the question propounded by the jury or going to jail. Mr. Colman promptly chose the lat er and was turned over to the city sergeant, who took bim to the steel cage in which Smith was confined, on the third floor, and locked him in with D. H. Mitchell, who killed Noel C. Dyer, and Jim Crook, a negro thie'. As soon as Detective Baldwin and City Editor Pugh, of the Record, learned of Mr. Colman's incarceration they released him from the obligation of secrecy and took upon themselves full responsibility in the premises. Colman was released after a confinement of

Death of Mr. John R. Pace. Mr. John R. Pace died at his home in L'anville after a long illness. Mr. Pace was born in Henry county October 12, 1834, and came to Danville with his parents in 1850. In 1855 he commenced, with his father, the manufacture of tobacco, and has been engaged in that business every since, having been the head of the firm of J. R. Pace & Co., then Pace, Talbott & Co., and at the time of his death was a member of the firm of P. B. Graveley & Co., tobacco manufacturers. He was a member of the city council from 1877 to 1882, and again from 1889 to his death. For four years past he has been chairman of the finance committee, and managed the city's financial affairs with marked ability. Mr. Pace was a consistent member of Mount Vernon Methodist Episco pal Church, and for several years past has been chairman of the official board of that church. He has been superintendent of the Sunday-school ever since the organization of the church. The deceased leaves a wife and five children, also one brother. Mr. James B. Pace, a prominent citizen of Richmond. Mr. Pace had been in feeble health for several years past, suffering from lung

Robbed by Masked Men.

The house of Mr. Andrew Dilleys of Hunersville was robbed the other night. About 9 o'clock, while the family were still up, five masked men and two unmasked entered the house, with drawn pistols, and demanded their money. A. J. Dilleys was seated at the table eating his supper. He sprang to his feet, and grabbed one by the throat, but he was soon covered by two of the robbers' pistols, and told to sit down and not move, which he did. They then proceeded to search rency and some jewelr., one watch, and one riffe-gun. They also troke open the cellar door, and took some air-tight jars and one bee-gum. The hired girl staying there recognized two of the robbers, and a warrant was sworn out before Justice Grose, and a party started in pursuit of the robbers, but up to this time they are still at large.

A deed of trust has been recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court, Charlottesville, conveying to John B. Moon all the property and assets of the Monticello Soapstone-Slate Company, one of the bestknown industries of the country, and where nearly all the slate pencils ased in the United States are manufactured. The object of the deed is to secure equally and ratably all creditors of the concern. The reasons assigned for the deed are that certain of its creditors are threatening to institue suit, by reason of which they may acquire specific liens against the property of the company, to the exclusion of the other creditors. The assets of the company are largely in excess of the liabilities. The company will continue operation. The schedule of bebts aggregate \$8,163.

A Rider Hurt at Richmond. Hugh A. Walker, of Farmville, was bally and probably fatally injured on the race track at the fair grounds at Richmond. He was riding W. E. Anderson's Duke of Wellington and either fell or was thrown off. Several horses passed near and one or more over the young man. He struck about the face and on the back of the head by the hoofs of the racers. The latter wounds are serious, They caused the breaking of some of the arteries of the brain. The young man was carried to St. Luke's Hospital, where an operation will be performed. The wounded man's condition is critical.

Conviction of Philip Nicols.

THE employees of the Portage Iron Company, at Duncansville, Pa., refused to accept a reduction of wages from 23 to 33 per cent.

THE OLD DOMINION.

Robbed By Masked Men-Soapstone

is largely an "outdoor" product. Fresh air and exercise duce sound appetite and sound sleep. Sickly children obtain

On the same night the s'ore house of Mr. C. C. Arbogart, near Green Bank, was broken into, and quite a lot of goods stolen.

Soapstone Slate Company.

In the Henrico Circuit Court the jury

brought in a verdict of guilty in the case of Philip Nichols, charged with murdering James Mills and Wm. Judson Wilkinson, on December 8. Nicols went out in a boat with his victims and drowned them. He knew that neither of them could swim, and, according to the evidence for the prosecution, drew a plug out of the boat, causing it to fi l with water. The men jumped out to save themselves and were drowned. The scene of the drowning was on the James river, in the upper part of Henrico. Nichol's counsel asked the court to set aside the verdict. This motion will be considered by the court.

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ammonia or alum.

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ANNALS OF ENGLAND.

with wooden rails. 1603. Union of the crowns of England and Scotland under James I. 1607. American colonization begun

1611. The King James version of the

curred at Stratford-on-Avon. 1618. The African gold coast acquired by original settlement.
1622. New Brunswick acquired by

original settlement.
1637. "Ship money question" between the King and Parliament began. 1642. The civil war between Charles

1600. The monarchy re-established by the recall of Charles II. from exile. 1962. The Royal Society received a

1667. The Newmarket races estab-lished by King Charles II.

The habeas corpus act passed

A ghastly discovery was made a few days ago by a fisherman on President's on the sand bar opposite Jacksonmount Park. Their identity is a mystery, but river men believe they are some of the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer Gold Dust, which burned a few years ago. The skeletons were found six feet apart, imbedded in the sand

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of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites, a fat-food rapid of assimilation and almost as palatable as milk.

Syrup"

ficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Karlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

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cumulation is made of those articles

on which an insufficient amount of post-

age is paid, or which have been incompletely or wrongly addressed. It is a most heterogeneous collection, ranging

in kind from skulls to confectionery

An interesting portion of the dead-

1602. The first tramways laid down

1608. The first Baptist Church formed in London by a regular organi-

lished. 1655. Jamaica acquired by contest

liberal charter and organized. 1663. The Public Intelligencer,

Important ports established in

and put into operation.

1688. Flight of James II. from the kingdom. William and Mary estab-

Skeletons in the Sand.

usually pro- -

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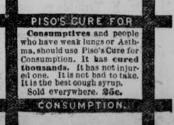
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at Jamestown, Va., by Smith and oth-

I. and Parliament began. 1649. Massacre of Drogheda. Ire-

and capitulation.

newspaper, began to be printed. 1635. The "Great Plague" devastated London and the provinces.

1678. The "Popish Plot" of Titus Oates created a panic.

Battle of the Boyne. Defeat and flight of James II.

island, two miles south of Memphis, Tenn. Six human skeletons were found

great benefit from

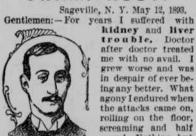
German

Your

\$10 A Day Free! Enclose in a letter containing your full name and address, the

and in value from 1 cent to \$1,000. Sales of these articles are held annusales of these articles are held annually, after they have been held for claim for over two years, and after every effort has been exhausted to find the owners, the parcels become matters of public investment. Most of the packages contain articles of too small Bible completed and printed. 1616. The death of Shakspeare ocvalue to be sold separately, so parcels containing the contents of several packages are made up and sold at an average price of 60 cents each. The attempt is made to have the articles in each package worth that amount. The sale is held in December, before the holiday season, and continues for about a week. The proceeds, like the money found in unclaimed letters, is delivered land terrorized by Cromwell. to the third assistant postmaster gen-eral for deposit in the United States 1653. The monarchy overthrown and Cromwell's protectorate estab-

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me, my complexion was yellow; bowels con-stipated; I was only able to walk as far as the front porch. A friend recommended your Swamp-Root. I began to take it at once. Swamp-Root Cured Me.

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me. It seemed death would be a relief from

my suffering. My stomach was in a terrible condition, food, what little I ate, distressed

to find I was decidedly better. My improve-ment after that was rapid and uninterrupted and in six months I was completely cured. Rev. Wm. H. Van Deusen. At Bruggists, 50 cent and \$1.00 Size, "Invalids Guide to Health" free-Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

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